Sloth

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Sloth

by ElizaD

Summary

Part 6 of my seven deadly sins series.

Will is exhausted and haunted by his empathy disorder. Hannibal has him talk out his issue and helps his dear boy sleep. Will is so beautiful when he sleeps and Hannibal gives in to his wants, just a little.

Warnings for very light non-con as Will is fast asleep.

Can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

The penultimate chapter is here! Shorter than the others since Will is unconcious for the majority, please enjoy dark Hannibal.

See the end of the work for more notes

“I know I’m late. Sorry,” Will said apologetically, as soon as Hannibal opened the door. “We found her.”

“Then I am obligated to forgive you, it seems,” Hannibal said, greeting Will with a chaste kiss. “The killer has been apprehended?”

“No. He got away but the girl, Jennnifer, is fine. Rattled of course but not physically hurt,” he attempted a small smile. “And we know his name is Carter Adams and face so he’s missing right now but he won’t know how to disappear.” he stepped forward, wrapping his arms around Hannibal, exhaling heavenly when the action was returned. “I needed to see you,” he whispered.

“I’m here for whatever you need mylimas,” Hannibal nudged Will’s head up so could examine his face. “You look exhausted,” he said with concern. “How are you sleeping?”

“Not well,” Will answered. “This case was rough and he’s still out there so it’s not over yet,” he said, digging a hand in his hair, fingers pressing against his scalp painfully.

Hannibal took his hands in his. “Are you having trouble separating your mind from his?” He asked softly.

“Yeah,” Will said, eyes cautious.

“Come, darling,” Hannibal said, leading Will by the hand to his home office. Will obeyed reluctantly. “I know you may not feel like it but I need you to talk to me and then I will help you sleep.”

“How?” Will asked, attempting to flirt.

“Behave yourself, wicked boy,” Hannibal chided with a small smile, pressing a gentle kiss to Will’s forehead.

“Can’t we just skip to the sleeping?” Will asked, suppressing a yawn.

“I don’t want you having nightmares,” Hannibal answered, nudging Will towards the therapy couch. “Lay down,” he prompted softly, watching Will awkwardly lower himself onto the low piece. Hannibal took the chair behind his head. Will automatically bent his body to look at Hannibal who gave him a firm look. “You should be comfortable, Will,” Will nodded and tried to relax on the comfortable furniture. “Good boy,” he praised, knowing how it affected Will. “This case has had a very strong effect on you,” he stated, hiding a sliver of annoyance that Will was distracted from him. Hannibal was selfish and didn’t like sharing Will’s time or attention.

“I can’t stop empathising with him, feeling what he feels, about her,” Will answered, voice grim.

“And what does he feel?”

“Hurt, betrayed,” he answered, quietly. “I don’t want to feel it, Jennifer Metcalfe is a victim, she’s been terrorized for weeks but I can feel everything he did. His hatred. She broke his heart,” he said with shame.

“You told me that his murders were tokens of affection,” Hannibal promted.

“They were. He loved her, or believed that he did. How could he not? She was perfect in his eyes, the people he killed were toxic, bad influences. He killed them to protect her not because he wanted to. He hated doing it, the vomit we found at the scenes was because he was horrified by his crimes but she was worth it,” he explained, words running together, desperate to be understood, seen.

“Then he abducted her.”

“He never intended to hurt her,” Will defended hotly. “She kept making bad choices, putting herself in danger. What if it wasn’t him following her? It could have been someone

dangerous. He took her so she would be safe, he would cook her healthy meals and give her the peace she needed to revise so she could be a doctor, like she wanted. He would never hurt her, she was his perfect match, the other half of his soul. His Madonna," he said mournfully.

"But she broke his heart, by not reciprocating his affections?"

"No, it wasn't like that," Will was becoming agitated that he wasn't being understood, expressing the killer's frustrations. "He didn't want her to love him, he knew he wasn't good enough for her to love, he just wanted to take care of her. But she wasn't what he thought," he said, calming himself before continuing. "She was smart, tenacious but she didn't understand his feelings for her either so she tried to escape by seducing him."

"A sensible if unimaginative plan," Hannibal observed, in a detached voice.

"That was why he tried to kill her. She was supposed to be a perfect angel for him to protect and admire from afar but she shattered that illusion completely. It broke his heart to learn she was another cheap whore."

"And you feel that pain?" Hannibal asked softly.

"Yes."

"Do you want this man to be found?"

"Yes," Will said with certainty. "He's a killer and he's dangerous."

"But he has lost his reason to kill, you said yourself that he had no taste for the act itself," Hannibal pressed. He could see the exhaustion in Will's body as he sunk into the fabric. This Carter Adams had burrowed in deeply and Hannibal's probing was only tiring him out more. Even now Will was his lover Hannibal was not above burning the fever out of him. He had coaxed out Will's pride gently but it was his rough treatment that brought out his wrath. Will was desperate to slip into oblivion and Hannibal would allow it once Will's mind was purged.

Free of every forgein voice but his, too tired to resist any suggestion. “Would it not be better to focus on stopping killers who take delight in their actions, unwilling to stop? Your ripper will never stop.”

“He is not mine,” Will argued, voice strengthening at the implication.

“I disagree,” Hannibal said. “No-one else can understand him, even Jack in his obsession. You don't want him to be your responsibility but you feel that he is because you are the only one to see the beauty in what he does. He shouldn’t be yours but he is.”

“You make it sound like the ripper is aware of me.”

“I would stake my life on him being very much aware of you, and your ability to see him.” Hannibal purred softly, letting the hint hover between them.

“Adams won’t stop. He’ll find a new obsession, a better woman to care for, worship. He’ll kill for her too, then she Will disappoint him too,” he finished bitterly.

“Why do you believe she will not complete him as he hopes?” Hannibal asked.

“Because he falls in love with fantasies. Jennifer could barely even remember meeting him. He stalked her for months, killed for her, worshipped her without even knowing the real her,” Will explained. “Fantasies aren’t real.”

“Can they ever be?” Hannibal asked.

“His can’t. I feel sorry for him.”

“How do you feel about Jennifer Metcalfe?”

“I’m glad she is okay,” he said evasively.

“And?”

“He hates her,” Will said quietly.

“You feel that hate?”

“Yes,” voice broken and wrecked.

“It’s okay,” Hannibal said soothingly. Will shook his head with a high whimper. “Shhh. These are not your feelings and you are not to blame for the spectacular way your mind works. Did Jack have any idea what was running through this man's mind before bringing you on scene?” Will shook his head.

“He was checking abandoned buildings, expecting to find her raped and murdered. He took her to his home, had a bedroom ready for her,” Will answered. Hannibal smiled slightly, he had a locked room upstairs decorated specifically for Will, bed made with egyptian cotton. He hoped he would never have to use it but just in case. His plans for Will were close to their climax and he needed to cover every eventuality. Even if Will rejected him, Hannibal would not let him go.

“Would Jack have ever found her without your insights?” He asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Yes, you do,” Hannibal told him. “He will be caught and you will be free of him.”

“What about the next murderer?” Will asked, his voice childlike in its hopelessness.

“There does not need to be a next one, mylimas. That is up to you,” he soothed softly.

“Quitting won’t stop Jack from dragging me out of lectures,” WIll complained. “I feel trapped.”

“Then stop lecturing,” Hannibal suggested.

“Then I can’t afford to feed my dogs,” Will argued.

“You think about them before yourself,” Hannibal almost laughed at how soft his voice sounded.

“You feed me,” Will said, laying his hand behind his head with a grasping motion. Hannibal took his hand.

“I’ll feed them too, if you want that,” he offered immediately. “There is plenty of room and although the garden is not quite as expansive as the woods it is big enough for them to exercise in. You can relax with them all day if that is what would soothe your mind, you need never leave bed if you do not wish.”

“This is cheating,” Will complained. “Trying to get me to quit when I’m vulnerable.”

“Clever boy,” Hannibal purred. He couldn't deny it was an obvious manipulation. He knew his boy was too perceptive to agree to it, not tired enough yet, but he offered anyway just so Will would know that Hannibal was always willing to take care of him. Will was not trapped, even if he needed Hannibal to show him the door. “We’ll talk about it after you’ve slept.”

“I can’t sleep.”

“I will help you,” Hannibal answered kindly. “Do you trust me?”

“I do,” Will answered.

“Take off your shoes and socks,” Hannibal instructed, pleased when Will neatly tucked his shoes under the couch. “Undo a couple of shirt buttons, you need to be cool,” Will obeyed again, no hesitation. “And you belt,” he finished, accepting the soft leather when Will handed it to him. Hannibal released his hand and dimmed the lights, drawing the curtains and leaving the room softly illuminated, mimicking candlelight he admired how the shadows danced over Will’s form making him look otherworldly. “Close your eyes, mylimas,” he said, placing a gentle hand over Will’s eyes, feeling his eyelashes shift as he obeyed. Hannibal settled back in his chair, behind Will, crossing his legs and relaxing himself. “Open your mind to me, focus on my voice and only my voice,” he said smoothly. He watched Will’s body sag, muscles going loose, eager to sleep. “I am going to guide you through an exercise called progressive muscle relaxation, have you ever tried it?”

“A couple of times,” Will answered, despondently. “I couldn’t stop my mind from wandering,” he admitted.

“You don’t need to think about anything but what I say,” Hannibal told him. “Let go of Jack Crawford, he has no claim on your mind. There is no-one else but you and I,” Will’s hand made another grasping motion and Hannibal gave back his hand, unable to deny him. “ Breathe in as you tense your toes and feet,” he instructed, “Hold,” a few seconds. “And release with the breath, good boy,” he paused. “Breathe in,” another few seconds “And out. Good boy, you are doing so well. \keep that rhythm, in and out,” Now your calves. Hold. Release. When you release, let every muscle go limp.”

Will let out a sleepy murmur of agreement, his hand already growing heavy with sleepiness. Hannibal gently guided Will through the exercises, extending pauses longer each time but never letting it go on long enough for Will’s mind to wander away from him. When he prompted Will to tense his chest muscles he responded with a gentle snore. Hannibal withdrew his hand from Will’s limp grip and listened to his rhythmic breathing, pleased at how easily Will had slipped under.

Silent as a predatory big cat, he moved to sit in the soft chair facing the couch where he could see Will clearly. He flicked on a light, illuminating Will and himself more brightly, Will did not flinch in the slightest. Hannibal ran his knuckle over Will’s slack face and there was no response. He smiled, Will was heavily under the blanket of sleep, his face devoid of worries and stress. Hannibal leaned over him and undid a few more buttons, exposing more of his

pale chest. Still slender, Will had gained a little more flesh from dining with Hannibal and he delighted in seeing the evidence of his care. Dragging his hand lower Hannibal carefully popped open the button at Will's waist and dragged down the zipper revealing his dove grey boxers. He lightly brushed his long fingers over Will's cock, watching it harden through his pants until the outline was faintly visible. Hannibal drew a small velvet box from his pocket. Another gift for Will, he accepted them so sweetly now although this one was more significant. Will would understand it soon enough. He opened the box, lifted the delicate silver pendant, a gleaming key with an infinity symbol in the handle. Unclasping the chain he placed it around Will's neck, letting the key rest over his steadily beating heart.

He moved to his desk, retrieving his notebook, a pencil and his scalpel. He flipped to a fresh page, passing various sketches of Will. This was the first time he wasn't drawing from memory or imagination. Perhaps this time he would succeed in capturing Will's soft beauty. He looked so very beautiful like this, unguarded, content and so alluringly vulnerable. Hannibal took his time, examining every detail with his eyes before he attempted to commit it to paper.

After a while he put his sketch book aside, unable to focus with Will stretched out before him. He wanted to touch, to stroke Will to hardness and watch his eyes flutter open in surprise to find Hannibal hovering over him. Reaching out he pushed back Will's curls, kissing his forehead, the sensitive spot behind his ear, his open mouth. His Will was so sweet like this, he wanted to continue kissing him, memorising every inch with his lips while Will slept on peacefully. He was so tempting like this, Hannibal could imagine stripping him and opening up his pliant body with long fingers, brushing his prostate with every stroke. Worshipping him. His hand brushed over Will's stomach feeling the muscles ripple beneath his hand. He grinned at the responsiveness from just the lightest touch, imagining the way Will's muscles would jerk and shake when he came apart around Hannibal's cock.

His pants were damp, only Will could challenge his self-control like this. His sweet boy was the most incredible thing he had ever encountered. The most wonderfully unique mind he had ever had the pleasure to delve into, that stunningly gorgeous body and swirling oceanic eyes, his good man, willing to destroy himself to save strangers that Hannibal could not even bring himself to care about. But there was also such beautiful darkness within him, darkness that scared Will and thrilled Hannibal. Will's shame and the acid smell of fear when he admitted that he did not feel guilty when he killed Garrett Jabob Hobbs. He told Abigail that killing someone was the ugliest thing in the world but when Will saw his artwork Hannibal knew he saw beauty. He had said so, mid tantrum and shaking with fury, but every word that broke from his screaming mouth was true. The way the light fell over his bare face made his inner monster shine, so much closer to the surface. He looked forward to setting that monster free of it's chains, fucking deeply into Will, teeth bared and blood coating them both.

Hannibal would enjoy wringing orgasm after orgasm from Will's perfect body and leaving him too exhausted to leave their bed. Will would make the most beautiful pillow princess, reclining on Hannibal's expensive silk sheets, naked and panting in want. Hannibal would bring food to him in bed, finger feeding him before worshipping Will's body with his own. He would keep his dear boy in bed for days on end, too fucked out to even think about moving. Will was made to spend days naked in bed, being served and adored by Hannibal. He caressed the key resting on Will's chest, the first part of his reveal. Will stirred slightly in his sleep, angling his body towards Hannibal. "Sleep Will," he ordered gently and Will fell silent and still again. "Bedtime," he whispered softly, tracing his knuckles along Will's face.

Hannibal slipped off his shoes, placing them next to Will's before lifting him in a bridal carry. Adjusting his hold and causing Will's head to flop against his chest as he carried him gently up the stairs. When he reached the bedroom he laid Will against the covers, his darling looked good in every colour but against the deep blue of his bed he was unbelievably beautiful. He kept an eye on Will's sleeping form as he stripped off, just before tugging on his pyjama bottoms his Will let out a low moan. "Hush, my darling, you are safe, sleep now."

"Am I dreaming?" He mumbled, eyes half-closed. Hannibal slid on his pants before joining Will on the bed, stroking his curls, his other hand covering Will's eyes.

"No, mylimas," he said softly.

"Oh," he said sadly. "I like dreaming about you."

"Go back to sleep, love, and dream of me," he urged. Will let out another sleepy moan before going limp, a gentle smile on his slack lips. He continued watching his dearest slow breathing, wishing he could see into Will's dreams and that he could show his. Will looked so soft and innocent, small on his massive bed. He vowed to fill another room with the softest of blankets for them to curl up in, a nest to comfort his Will with soft touches and loving promises. Hannibal would take Will in every room of his house, make soft sweet tender love nestled in amongst soft pillows, fuck him hard under the spray of his spacious shower and bend him over the kitchen island, painting his beloved body with chocolate and fruit juices. Will would accept it, want him and plead for more, blinkers fallen away from his eyes. To have such a heavenly dark being truly see him and love him, for a lesser man it would be an impossible dream but Hannibal would have it, his treasured, angelic devil.

Once Will had fallen silent, eyes darting behind his eyelids, Hannibal began the beguiling task of undressing his beloved. Unbuttoning the remaining buttons of his shirt he raised Will’s torso to slide it out from under him and lowered him back to the comforter. After folding the shirt he returned to Will’s long lean body, splaying his hands over Will’s slim hips, he drew his boy forward so his legs hung off the edge of the bed and slowly peeled his pants off leaving them with his shirt. Hannibal sank to his knees between Will’s spread knees. With his hands on Will's firm thighs he leaned forward, dragging his nose along the length of Will’s hardening length and inhaling deeply. Musk and sweat and heat rolled off him. He nuzzled against the heavy weight, moaning softly, weakening against him.

Opening his mouth he pressed his tongue against Will’s length, mouthing at the hard shaft through the soft boxers he had bought for Will, drenching them in his saliva, the salty scent of precum growing stronger. Breathily heavily he drew back, pressing his face to Will’s inner thigh, gently kissing the hot skin. He focused on his own thumping heart, waiting until he had control of his body, leaning forward to kiss the skin just above Will’s waistband, then his sweet dry lips.

Hannibal adjusted the bed covers until he could slide Will underneath, drawing the thick duvet up to cover his pale flesh. He delved into Will’s trouser pocket and retrieved his phone, humming softly, he popped the back off and removed the battery and sim card. If Jack called Will would leave and Hannibal planned to keep Will in his bed for as long as possible tomorrow. After such a stressful case Will deserved a day of naps and breakfast in bed, he would insist on Will calling in sick. After turning off the lights and drawing the curtains Hannibal slid into bed, purring in contentment when Will rolled over, reaching for him though the haze of sleep. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, burying his face in Will’s curls and cradling him close. He gazed down at his boy's smooth, angelic face, heart full and cock aching.

My tempting slothful boy.

End Notes

The long awaiting final chapter is underway. I have been loving this series and the wonderful response from all of you wonderful people!

Comments and kudos bring me joy and request and feedback are always gratefully recieved.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!